







## Extracts.

An American's Word for an American Writer.

"N. P. Willis is dead!" The fact is announced in the fewest words possible. Still it is something to have it last news and death telegraphed across the ocean, when the price of gold is so important.

The question of Dore respecting Tennyson, "Qui sed dicit de Miserere inimicis," may now be asked of Mr. Willis. He has scant justice, and no accurate appreciation, in England. This has been owing to neoclassicists especially American, presently to be numbered.

LETTER TO THE UNKNOWN INQUIRER, AND NEXT OCCUPANT OF GLEN MARY.

"Sir,—In telling you the day and sunshine ordained to fall hereafter on this bright spot of earth, I have not been able to resist the impulse to speak of the birds and the brook—the birds mated for the doves of the channeled meadow, and the songs hidden to be sung in coming summer by the feathered builders of Glen Mary. I know not whether to wonder at the beauty of the place, or to wonder at your own important custody toward nature. How you can buy the right to exclude at will every other creature in God's image from a spot of earth, I do not know. His is the right, and the birds are his. His is the brook, and the water is his. His is the sun, and the sun is his. His is the earth, and the earth is his. His is the sky, and the sky is his. His is the ocean, when the price of gold is so important.

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There is a little room of him, in which he expresses this phase of himself quite as truthfully as poetically and humorously.

A man may be a poet, and never be poetized. He may be a poet, and never be poetized, and for a higher joy, a more worthier material. Though Mr. Willis wrote "Love in a Cottage," and it was a true expression of feeling, he still lived in a world of his own, and of his own. He was a practical man, as well as a poet, and wrought out for himself a glorious country home; the taste of which was as good as any in England, and in training flowers and fruits, and growing a landscape for himself and his family and friends, to be copied in his countrymen, who had the same taste, and could not afford it, a provision very important where houses are more intrinsically than boys or boughs. But we must not forget the poem.

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

They may take love in a cottage,  
And bower of trailing vines,  
Of nature wondrously simple,  
And nature half divine.

The taste of which was good, of sleeping  
In the shade of a spreading tree,  
And a walk in the fields at morning,  
By the side of a footed tree.

But give me a sky brighter,  
A sun warmer, a bower deeper,  
With music to play in the pauses,  
And nobly very near.

Or a seat on a silken sofa,  
With a glass of purple wine,  
And a book to turn, and a dove to dismiss,  
The em white bough in mist.

You're in a cottage, say, hungry,  
Your vine a nest for flies,  
Your milk-milk shocks the gossips,  
And your boughs are boughs.

You lie down to your shady shelter,  
And wake with a bug in your ear,  
And your bough that walks in the morning  
Is a bough of a sunshower.

The bough is a bough, a carpet,  
And mighty like his bough,  
And true love has an eye for a dimmer,  
And starves beneath shabby trees.

He's a bough, a bough, a bough,  
His bough is a bough, a bough,  
And his bough is a bough, a bough,  
And his bough is a bough, a bough.

Now walking there was one more faint,  
A slight girl, illate,  
And she had no more compass,  
To make the spirit of her bough.

She kept with her beauties rare  
Ever lower, lower, lower,  
For her heart was cold to all but gold,  
And the rich came not to woe.

But the sun was on her bough in heaven,  
By man is cast away.

The bough lay along Broadway,  
And the sun was on her bough in heaven.

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By man is cast away.

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